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Select Miscellany.

GROWING COLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

There was an ardor about the young lover that showed how deeply his heart was interested, and his betrothed might almost be said to live on its presence. He flew to her side like steel to the magnet, when evening set him free from business; and she awaited his coming with a trembling joy that pervaded her whole being. The days were long that kept them apart; but lightning-footed the hours of evening. How eagerly they looked forward to that blessed time, when they would hear the words spoken that were to make them one, and the time came at last, though with slow-pacing steps. Hand in hand and heart beating to heart, they entered a new path of life, carpeted with flowers, and moved on with springing feet, and took their measure to love's delicious music. Swiftly passed the first season of their new existence.

It was the warm, fragrant blossoming spring-time, and the sunshine filled the air with vernal warmth.

"Shall we ever grow cold to each other?" said the young man leaning towards his bride, and speaking in a tone of peculiar tenderness.

This was occasioned by the presence, in a small company, of a married couple, not two years wedded, who were known to have lost much of love's young ardor. Their indifference was so apparent, as to have become a subject of remark, with their friends and acquaintances.

"Never, Leonard, never!" was almost tremulously whispered back. "That is impossible! Those who truly love, love on forever."

"And with us it is true," said the husband. "True, warm, eternal love."

And each believed it was so. Let us follow them a little way on their life's journey.

Leonard Williams was a young and ambitious merchant, who was trying, unwisely, to do a large business on a small capital; and Leonard Williams and his wife were a young couple who thought rather more of making an appearance in the social world than was consistent with their means and prospects. He had too large a store and too many goods in it; they lived in too large a house, with too much furniture in it.

A tranquil spirit is not possible under such circumstances; and overwearying mental labor and absorbing care must attend them. It has ever been so—it was so with Leonard Williams. Even before the waning of the first year, his brow began to wear a shadow, and his eyes to have an absent expression. There was a fainting warmth in his manner towards his bride that chilled her heart at times, as if cold airs had blown upon it suddenly. She was too young, too inexperienced, and too ignorant of the world to comprehend the causes that are at work, undermining, daily, the foundation of their happiness. She only felt that her husband was changing—the warmth was diminishing, and the cloud and the shadow coming in the place of sunshine.

Daily, and weekly and monthly the change went on—he getting more and more absorbed in business, and she finding a certain poor compensation for hearts weariness in dress, gay company, pleasure, and fashionable dissipation.—The coldness of feeling, as well as of exterior, was mutual. A few years longer, and all the little tender courtesies that marked their intercourse, when alone, failed utterly. Williams would meet his wife, on his daily return from business, without a changing countenance or tender word; and she met him at evening, and parted with him on each succeeding morning, with an air of indifference that iced over the surface of his feelings.

And so the years went on; the struggling and striving with the world in the arena of business; and she, trying to find in the unsubstantial, gilded exterior of things, that pleasure she failed to extract from the real.

How like mould on a rich garment, or rust upon burnished steel, did indifference creep over the pleasant surface of their lives, dimming the mutual attraction. Williams had energy of character, and a mind that found new strength in difficulty. A man of feebler intellect, less hope, and less suggestion, starting wrong, as he did, would have been driven to the wall in a few years. But Williams discovered his error in time to prepare himself for the impending consequences. At the close of five years from the day of his marriage, he resolutely looked his affairs in the face, and saw that, instead of being worth many thousands of dollars, he was just on the verge of bankruptcy. It took him two years to get safely past the dangers that beset his way. One cause of his trouble lay in the extravagance of his living. It rather startled him to find, on examining his own private account, that twenty thousand dollars had been drawn for personal expenses. One half of that sum, added to his capital, would have made all safe.

"This will never do," he said to himself. "We are living too extravagantly. There must be a change."

But what would his fashionable wife say to this? Would she be willing to give up her fashionable home, and retire from her gay position? A feeling of discouragement came over him as these questions arose in his mind.

"She must give it up—she must retire," he said to himself with some warmth. But he did not wish to make known the fact of his deep embarrassment; for he had no confidence in her power to endure reverses. If she sunk down in weak distress, the burdens he had to bear would be so much the heavier; and they were quite heavy enough already. After viewing the matter on all sides, and pondering it deeply, Williams came to the conclusion that the only economical change likely to meet his wife's approval, was the change from their own home, to a fashionable boarding house. A close calculation satisfied him, that to do so, would lessen their annual expenses about one thousand dollars. "Anna," he said to her one evening, breaking through his cold, abstracted silence, "we are living at too costly a rate."

Mrs. Williams turned her eyes upon his face with the manner of one who had heard unpleasant words, but did not fully comprehend their meaning.

"It would cost us less to board; and you would be freed from house-hold cares."

"I am not troubled by them."

"It is a question of economy," said Williams.

"If that is all, the question may as well be," replied his wife, almost indifferently; for it costs quite as much to live in a first-class hotel or boarding-house as in your own home."

Williams had no more to say. A deep sigh fluttered on his lips; his gaze drew itself from the countenance of his wife, and thought went from his home, to wander among the seething breakers towards which his vessel was driving, hoping to find some narrow passage through which he might steer in safety to a smooth heaven. He felt colder towards his wife after that; and she was conscious of the coldness, without imagining the cause.

No change in the style or cost of living took place. That heavy burden he had to carry, in addition to his heavy burdens; and it required all his strength.

During the two years that elapsed before his feet were on firm ground again, he appeared to have lost all interest in his home, his wife, his children. Mrs. Williams frequently said, lightly speaking to her friends or acquaintances, that she had no husband now; Mr. Williams had united himself to business in a second marriage. If she spoke thus in his presence, he would part his lips in a forced smile, or, perhaps, say, jocosely, that she had better have him before the courts for bigamy.

Fashion, show, pleasure, filled up all the time of Mrs. Williams which was not devoted to maternal duties and household cares; and business was the Moloch at which Mr. Williams sacrificed all social and home affections.

At forty, with a family of interesting children springing up around them, they were but coldly tolerant of each other. Never having seen, from the beginning of her married life, any good reason for economy or self-denial. Mrs. Williams had failed to practice these virtues, but had suffered the opposite vice of extravagance and self-indulgence to grow rankly as offensive weeds. Her demands upon her husband's purse had, therefore, always been large, and they steadily increased, until he was learning to hold the strings more tightly, and to question and object whenever she made what he thought large requisitions. Thus, alienations were constantly engendered; and at times, there was strife between them. Roughness on his part, and petulance on her's often came in to help the work of estrangement.

Twenty years of a false life, twenty years in which two married partners, warm and loving at the first, went on steadily growing cold toward each other through the interposition of sordid and worldly things—twenty years of a home intercourse but rarely brightened by love's warm sunshine breaking through the leaden clouds of care and folly—what a sad heart-history is here! And is it not the history of thousands of over-earnest business men, and their thoughtless, unsympathizing wives, who seek outside of hearts and homes what they can never find—that tranquility of soul after which all aspire, but to which so few attain. Alas, that it is so.

Ah, that we could write, from henceforth, a better record of Leonard Williams and his wife. That we could tell you, how, growing at last weary of their vain existence, they turned back, athirst for the pure waters whose sweetness had once refreshed them, finding again the fountain of eternal youth. But it was not so. Habits of thought and feeling were hardened into that second nature which is rarely broken up. If, occasionally, the restless heart returned along its life journey, seeking for some of the lost flowers and tarnished fragrance, their sweetness was perceived only as the dim light of a dream; not real enough to inspire an effort to seek restoration. And as they moved on in the coldness of twilight, Age found him a sordid, irritable, unhappy man—and she a nervous, restless, vain, disappointed woman.

There are such, reader, all around you. But keep your heart warm. Do not suffer it to grow cold towards your wife or husband. Shut out the vain things of the world. The home-loves are warmest, the home-lights brightest; and they will grow warmer and brighter with years if you feed them with the pure oil of unselfish affections.

Young Woman's Part in Life.

There is something in a pleasant faced damsel which takes a young man's eye—whether he will or no. It may be magnetism. It may be the sympathy of that which is beautiful in men's natures for that which is lovely in womens'. The women have great power over the sex called sterner. Particularly so, if they be young, pretty, and marriageable. Young woman! do you know that it is you who are to mould some man's life? Have you ever thought of the responsibility that attaches to you long before you are married! A word you may say to a young man whom you may never marry nor even see a second time, will possibly exert an influence over his whole life that you don't dream of! A smile does wonders in lighting up the dark corners of a man's soul—a word in the right place may electrify his whole being. A wrong influence will do more damage in a single instance than a lifetime may correct. I know a case in point. A young gentleman making a new year's complimentary calls found himself unable to resist the pleading of a young lady to take a glass of mild wine with her.

He had abjured liquors, and their taste had not been on their lips for months—but that glass she gave him raised the appetite, and it was too much for his powers of resistance. He became a drunkard and died wretchedly not long ago. That is one instance.—But it is not the only one that could be adduced. It is not only the offering of liquors to young men at the hands of young women that produces frequent evils, but *it is the fashionable extravagance* of a large majority of the young women *in town and country* that frightens young men away from all intention of matrimony, leads them to look upon the whole sex with distrust, and drives them to scenes where they are not bound hand and foot by the unreasonable demands of femenines who would spend faster than they could make. And the fact that this tendency shows signs of increase makes the case worse. The fever of fashionable dress, the ignorance of housewifery accomplishments, the lack of the peculiar home virtues that are calcuted to make a home lovely—infest the villages now-a-days as they do the city. It is not necessary, young woman that you should flaunt in gorgeous apparel, even if your father can afford to foot the dry goods bill. Nor is it necessary that you should permit your mother to drub all day in the kitchen while you fold your hands in the parlor. When an earnest, energetic, hard working, sensible young fellow, who is in search of a wife, sees such performances he fears and hesitates, and refuses to marry at all, perhaps, and so does only half the good he could in the world—simply because he has no notion of fulfilling the homely but very truthful adage which tells of placing a man's nose continually upon a grindstone. We commend the subject to the regards of our women readers. Let them cultivate the domestic virtues—make themselves true women—know a woman's duties—cherish their hands less and their intellect more—and their lot will be happier and better.

More than this, they will find that there are mates in the world for them, and those worth having. Will not mothers bring the mode of life before their daughters in the light in which it ought to be shown—which is nothing more than that of common sense. That is the rarest of virtues; more valuable because there is comparatively little of it to be found.

☞ The cattle of his neighbor kept getting into the pasture of Deacon Johnson. The pasture was bad enough for the Deacon's cattle, and was mighty poor feed for other people's, when they sought to share it. Deacon Johnson had tried with his hired man, to keep them out and couldn't, at last Pat said with a scratch of his head,

"I'll tell you Mr. Johnson, how you be after getting shut of the beggarly cows that come here thaving their feed."

"And how shall we do that thing, Pat?"

"Whp sir, when they get in agin, just let us go and put up the finces and kape them in, and my word for it, sir, they'll starve to death in a week sir."

☞ Down East there resides a certain M. D. One very cold night he was aroused from his slumbers by a very loud knocking at his door. After some hesitation he went to the window and asked:

"Who's there?"

"A friend," was the answer.

"What do you want?"

"Want to stay here all night."

"Stay there, then," was the benevolent reply.

☞ Old Mrs. Darnley is a patteru of household economy. She says she has made a pair of socks last fifteen years by only knitting new feet to them every winter and new legs to them every other winter.

☞ Somebody says that snoring is "the spontaneous escape of those malignant feelings which the keeper has not time to vent when awake."

A Little too Punctutil—A Steamboat Sketch.

The hour was approaching for the departure of the New Haven steamboat from her berth at New York, and the usual crowd of passengers and friends of passengers, newsboys, fruit venders, were assembled on and about the boat. We were gazing at the motley group from the foot of the promenade deck stairs, when our attention was attracted by the singular action of a tall, brown Yankee, in an immense wool hat, chocolate-colored coat and pantaloons and a fancy vest. He stood near the starboard paddle-box, scrutinized sharply every female who came on board, every now and then consulting an enormous silver bull's eye watch, which he raised from the depths of a capacious fob by means of a powerful steel chain. After mounting guard in this manner, he dashed furiously down the gang-plank and up the wharf, reappearing almost instantaneously, with a flushed face, expressing the most intense anxiety.—This series of operations he performed several times; after which he rushed about the boat, wildly and hopelessly ejaculating:

"What's the time er day? Wonder if my repeater's fast? Whar's the captain? whar's the mate? whar's the boss that owns the ship?"

"What's the matter, sir," we ventured to ask him, when he stood still for a moment.

"Hain't seen nothin' of a gal in a blue shawl, (cost fifteen dollars,) pink gown, and brown boots, hey? Come aboard while I was looking for the cap'n at the pint end of the ship—have ye, hey?"

"No such a person has come aboard."

"Tormented lightnin'! she's my *wife!*" he screamed; "married her yesterday. All her trunks and mine are aboard, under a pile of baggage as tall as a Connecticut steeple. The darned black nigger says he can't hand it out, and I won't leave my baggage, anyhow. My wife—only think of it—was to have come aboard at half-past four, and here it's most five. You don't think she's been abducted? Oh! I'm ravin' distracted! What are they ringing that bell for? Is the ship afire?"

"It is the signal for departure—the first bell. The second bell will be rang in about four minutes."

"Thunder! you don't say so. Whar's the captain?"

The Yankee darted to the side of the captain.

"Cap'n, stop the ship for ten minutes, won't ye?"

"I can't do it, sir."

"But ye must, I tell ye. I'll pay ye for it. How much will ye ax?"

"I could not do it."

"Cp'n, I'll give you tew dollars," gasped the Yankee.

The Captain shook his head.

"I'll give ye five dollars and a half—and a half—and a half," he kept repeating, dancing about in his agony, like a mad jackass on a hot iron plate.

"The boat starts at five precisely," said the captain, shortly, and turned away.

"Oh! you stunny-hearted heathin!" groaned the desolate Yankee, almost bursting into tears. "Partin' man and wife, and we just one day married."

At this moment the huge paddle-wheels began to paw the water, and the walking beam descended heavily, shaking the huge fabric to her centre. All who were not going to New Haven went ashore. The hands began to haul in the gang plank—the fasts are already loose.

"Let go the plank!" roared the Yankee, collaring one of the hands. "Drop it like a hot potato, or I'll heave you into the dock."

"Yo—yo!" shouted the men, in chorus, as they heaved on the gangway.

"Shut up, you braying donkeys!" yelled the maddened Yankee, "or there 'll be an ugly spot of work."

But the plank was got aboard, and the boat plashed past the pier.

In an instant the Yankee pulled his coat off, flung his hat beside it on the deck, and rushed wildly to the guard.

"Are you drunk or crazy?" cried a passenger seizing him.

"I'm going to fling myself into the dock and swim ashore!" cried the Yankee. "I musn't leave Sairy Ann alone in New York city. You may divide the baggage among ye. Let me go, I can swim.

He struggled so furiously that the consequences of his rashness might have been fatal had not a sudden apparition changed his purpose. A very pretty young woman in a blue bonnet, white Canton crape shawl, pink dress and brown boots, came toward him.

The big brown Yankee uttered one stentorian shout of "Sairy Ann!" clasped her in his arms in spite of her struggling, and kissed her heartily, right before all the passengers.

"Where *did* you come from?" he inquired.

"From the ladies' cabin," answered the bride. "You told me half-past four, but I thought I'd make sure and come at four."

"A little too punctual," said the Yankee. "But it's all right now. I don't care about stopping. Come nigh gettin' drown'd, Sairy, all alone of you—but's all right now. Go ahead, steamboat.—Rosin up there, firemen! Darn the expanse!"

When the sun set, the loving couple were seen seated on the upper deck, the brown Yankee's arm encircling the slender waist of the young woman in the blue bonnet and pink dress. We believe they reached their destination safe and sound.

Etiquette of the Road

It is related of Mr. Webster and Mr. Mason, that they were once riding the circuit together in the winter season.—The snow was deep, and the weather cold, and both were muffled in Buffaloes.—Mr. Mason was an uncommonly tall man, and Mr. Webster, it is well known, had a very deep voice, amounting at times almost to a growl. On the road where it was not very easy turning out, they met a bluff countryman, with his ox team, who shook his goad at them and sang out:

"Turn out, there—turn out!"

They gave him half the track, but he insisted upon the whole, and began to threaten, when Mr. Mason began to rise and rise until he had got up six feet and more, and to the astonished view of the teamster, he seemed to be going higher, when Mr. Webster growled out in the most harsh manner:

"Turn out yourself, sir!"

"Gee, gee," cried the teamster, "why don't you gee?" putting the brad into his oxen, as he cleared the track for what to his astonished vision, appeared a brace of giants.

This anecdote reminds us of the case of the gentleman who was riding with a span new turn out, when he was saluted by a teamster, he was about meeting, with an imperative order:

"Turn out, there! turn out! or I will serve you as I did a man the other day."

Our owner of the gay equipage not caring to risk his carriage in an encounter with an ox-cart, took up a position on the extreme right, and waited patiently for the depositor of vehicles to pass.—He could not, however, resist his curiosity to know what a dreadful thing the cartman did do; and so leaning his head out of the carriage, he accosted him with the inquiry:

"How did you serve the man the other day?"

"How did I serve him?" replied the teamster, "why he wouldn't turn out, so I turned out myself."

The Assets of a Mercantile House.

A commission merchant, whose name is as familiar on Buffalo Change as household words, and whose wit and humor never "dry up" under any condition of things, a few years since went to Oswego, and, as has been publicly announced, has "suspended." An eastern banker, whose institution was among his largest creditors, paid him a visit with a view to look into affairs. After the usual salutations and greetings due to politeness, a colloquy something like the following is said to have occurred:

"Well, Mr. ———, I understand you have suspended."

"That is so, I believe sir."

"Yes; well, as our bank is the largest creditor, we should like to know what shape the affair is likely to take."

"Certainly, sir."

"What is your indebtedness?"

"Well, sir, as near as I can get at it, I owe about $550,000.

This was a poser. Things began to look a little blue.

"Have assets, I suppose?"

"Certainly, plenty of assets."

"Well, to what amount, and in what do they consist?"

"Well, sir, I value my assets to an amount greater than my indebtedness, and they consist of a wife and four fat babies, worth to me more than $100,000 each."

The banker looked astonished, while the merchant proceeded to whistle the air of "Poor Uncle Ned," and keeping time to the music, with his fingers, on a desk which had kept a history of his rise and fall in trade.—*Buffalo Gazette.*

☞ A clergyman, who was consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, spoke in a very serious tone, remarking that he was one of the few. "Such a jewel of a Christian—you cannot find his equal, you well know." To which the sobbing fair one replied, with an almost broken heart: "I'll bet I will!"

☞ If you want to fare well at the "leading hotels," wear large seal rings, flashy fob, and an extensive shirt frill. Susan, Mickey, the boot black and "them chamber maids" have an immense liking for such display, and as a consequence, shower their favors on cheap jewelry and potato starch.

A Little Stuck Up.—The Knickerbocker says a young lady in North Carolina is charged with "taking on French airs" because she refused to go to a ball barefooted.

That must be in the same section of country where, it is said, that every morning after a ball, a half bushel of toe-nails are picked up.

☞ A cotemporary, in noticing the proposal to light the streets of a village with red-headed girls, says: "If we lived there we'd play tipsy every night, and hug the lamp posts."

Woman.—An article manufactured by milliners and dress-makers,

Who wants but little on her head,
But much below to make her spread."

☞ The man who was "filled with emotion," hadn't room for dinner.

No Gloom at Home.

Above all things there should be no gloom in the home. The shadows of dark discontent and wasting fretfulness should never cross the threshold, throwing their large black shapes, like funeral palls, over the happy young spirits there. If you will, your home shall be heaven, and every inmate as an angel there. If you will, you shall sit on a throne and be the presiding household deity. O! faithful wife, what privileges, what treasures, greater or purer than thine?

And let the husband strive to forget his cares as he winds around the long, narrow street, and beholds the soft light illuminating his little parlor, spreading its precious beams on the red pave before it. The night is cold and cheerless, perhaps, and the December gust battles with the worn skirts of his old overcoat, and snatches with a rude hand and willing cry, at the rusty hat that has served him many a year. He has been harrassed, perplexed, persecuted. He has borne with many a cruel tone, many a cold word, and nerved himself up to an energy so desperate and depressed; and now his limbs ache with weariness; his temples throb with the pain beat as caused by a too constant application; he scarcely knows how to meet his wife with a pleasant smile or sit down cheerfully to their little meal which she has provided with so much care.

But the door is opened, the overcoat thrown hastily off. A sweet voice falls upon his ear and the tones are so soft and glad that hope like a winged angel flies right into his bosom and nestles against his heart.

The latch is lifted and the smiling face of his wife gives an earnest welcome. The shining hair is over her fair brow; indeed she stole a little coquettish glance at the mirror hanging in its narrow frame just to see if she looked neat and pretty before she came out. Her eye beams with love, her dress is tasteful—and—what? Why! he forgets all the trials of that long, long day as he folds her in his arms and imprints a kiss upon her brow.

A home where gloom is banished, presided over by one who has learned to rule herself and her household.—Christianity!—oh he is thrice consoled for all his trials. He cannot be unhappy. That sweetest, best, dearest solace is his—a cheerful home. Do you wonder that the man is strengthened anew for to-morrow's cares?

A Scarecrow Boy.

"Young man," inquired a puzzled traveler at a point of his journey where the way divided in different directions—"which of these roads will take me to Manchester?"

"Neither sir; but if you wait an hour the stage will be along to take you to to town for a quarter."

"You appear to be a shrewd boy but not particularly charged with manners. How old are you?"

"I'm 'bobbin round' in my fifteenth year, and as for being shrewd, they recon me that away around here. I have knocked the spots off old Dabad, and beat the school master at 'seven up' and parsing; but when you talk about charged with manners, I'm well loaded, and rammed too!"

"Have you parents living?"

"Parents living?—if you mean the old man and woman—no. I thank you, they slid, and left me to play the thing alone."

"With whom do you reside—I mean with whom do you live?"

"Well, thar! if you call living, being bound out till you're one and twenty to one of the meanest men that ever sat down to a biled dinner. I live up the hill there, to old Waggoner's who farms it with me and a yoke of roan stags!"

"My young friend, your early culture seems to have been sadly neglected.—Have you ever enjoyed Sabbath privileges!"

"You'd better think so; there ain't a hedge hog nor a wood-chuck within three miles of here, Old Waggoner has the meat and I have the hide and tallow."

"What may I call your name my lad?"

"You can't make any mistake, call me what you have the most of; but my genuine name is Alph Chesebro—for quick they call me Chessey. But I have wasted more time now than common; I can hear the old one giving tongue, and I must worm off, or the boy will be here and lick us both. So captain, consider me yours, and if you'll eddy around some Sunday, I'll show you some fun or pay the rum!"

☞ At a crowded lecture the other evening, a young lady standing at the door of the church was addressed by an honest Hibernian who was in attendance on the occasion:

"Indade, Miss, I should be glad to give ye a sate, but the empty ones are all full."

Strange!—A young lady crossing over from Jersey the other day, is stated, on good authority, to have courteously thanked a gentleman who gave her his seat!

☞ A thief broke out of jail the other day. Being recaptured, he told the constable he might have escaped but he had conscientious scruples about travelling on Sunday!

The Swarth Hand.

The swarth hand of labor—what has it done? Delved and plodded, hewn wood and stone, and drawn water, it may be. Yes, it has done all this, and most patiently and bravely borne the burthens and the battle weapons of nations. Sweat and blood have trickled from its brow in innumerable toils and conflicts; it has gathered and won victories, seldom to enjoy them. It has been scoffed in the temples by priests, and in palaces by kings, and all the armaments and commerce of ocean, and the trade-marts of the earth, have denied it, though to it they owed their beauty, strength, wealth and glory.

The swarth hand ought long since to have been jeweled; it should ages agone, have swayed the rod of power, and been the ruler of the earth. It might and would, had it been true to its merit and strength, and not directed, by the will of taskmen, to selfish and slavish toil. Had its owner felt that the earth was truly the empire of him who tilled it, and wrought its wondrous stores into palaces and temples, and pleasant fields, the swarth hand would have held to its creations, and demanded the scepter of its rightful empire. Yet, if the past be fruitful of bitter memories, there is a present and a future, in which the errors of the past can be righted.

But the hand of labor is not recordless in the ages. The palaces of Assyria, the pyramids of Egypt, the temples of Greece—aye, and whatever of material pile, column, or trophy survive decay and devastation, is the monument of that miserably requitted hand. Continents born of wildernesses—hamlets and cities, fleets and fortresses—all indeed, that art can boast or civilization delight in, owe allegiance to the swarth hand of labor. Truest hand of nobility on God's fair earth! Let the heart that beats behind it be not cast down. Power and dominion are before it, if it will but bravely strike for the sovereignty which is its natural right.

☞ "What are you doing?" queried a gentleman, addressing himself to a dilapidated urchin, who was circulating promiscuously through a crowd of politicians, holding out his hand. "Nothin," was the reply, "only tryin' to take the cents of the meetin'." Sense in that answer.

☞ A rich officer of revenue one day asked a man of wit what sort of a thing opulence was?

"It is a thing," replied the philosopher, "which can give a rascal the advantage over an honest man."

☞ Byron is said to have remarked that "the greatest trial to a woman's beauty is the ungraceful act of eating eggs." Some Yankee remarks that the poet could never have seen a lady hanging by her teeth to a hot-coruco!

☞ A barrister blind of one eye pleading with his spectacles on, said:—"Gentlemen in my argument I shall use nothing but what is necessary." 'Then,' replied a wag take out one of the glasses of your spectacles."

☞ Why is a lady pulling on her corsets like a man who drinks to drown his grief?

Because in so-*lacing* herself she is *getting tight.*

☞ Miss Smith says she'll never marry a widower with children, and for this reason: "She is down on second hand children."

☞ "Now, look'er yer, Charlie! Jim mout be an honest nigger, and then again he moutent but ef I war a chicken, and knowed he war about do yard, I tell yer wot, nigger, I'd roost high, I would."

☞ Stranger to a little boy—"Well, my little boy, ain't you lost?"

Little boy, stepping back and eyeing stranger—"Look here, mister, don't be so familiar, if you please—I am not unprotected," laying his hand on a revolver; "remember, I am a gentleman."

☞ A witness in a Hoosier Court being asked how he knew that two certain persons were man and wife, replied:

"Why, dog on it, I've heard 'em scolden each other more'n fifty times."

The evidence was held as conclusive.

☞ What is the difference between the history of the Know Nothing party and a poem of Longfellow's? One is a life of Sam and the other is a psalm of life.

☞ Wood—Some funny fellow says:—"A little bark will make a rope but it takes a large pile of wood to make a cord."

☞ Marriage is defined by some one to be—two nods and a five dollar prayer.

☞ Time is the greatest boon for man, yet how few men on earth improve it.

☞ The man who does most has the least time to talk about what he does.

☞ Learning makes a man fit company for himself as well as others.

☞ The man who stole an hour's rest, is on trial for grand larceny.

☞ The man that ran the fork of a road into his eye has since died.